

and that it would probably have been
no better, had she spent her life
with someone else,

maybe even worse.

MY LUCKY PEN

my lucky pen
is the pen of a blind woman.

my blind aunt claire lent it
to me to sign some documents before
leaving for the airport after the
funeral of my mother. i tried to
return it to her, but she insisted
that i take it. "what's an old blind
woman supposed to do with a pen," she said.

she isn't one hundred percent blind, of
course, or she wouldn't be carrying
any pen at all, but, after all the
cataract operations, i'd peg it at
about 93%. i can still decipher
her letters. since receiving her

pen i've written a lot of poems, stories,
and even novellas. everyone else i know
is generating text at a computer. i don't know
whether i'm falling behind them in
productivity. probably i am. certainly
they tell me i am. they are as ardent in
their urgings as if they were cautioning
me to give up a vice that they had
successfully rid themselves of. i don't
know if what i'm writing is any good — that's
not for me to say ... nor, now that i
think about it, for you to say either; let's
leave it to the as-yet-unborn and hope there
is a world left for them to be born into.

all i know is that it feels good writing
with a blind woman's pen. after all, if an
old blind woman could write with it, i
guess maybe i can too.